King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious ſoueraigne,
King. Darſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou haſt it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou ſingſt ſweet muſicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *He whiſpers in his eare.*
Tis no more but ſo, ſay is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we ſleep? *Ex. Buc.*
Tir. Ye ſhall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did ſound me in.
King. Well, let that paſſe, Dorſet is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. Stanley he is your wiues ſonnes. Well looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe.
King. Stanley looke to your wife, if ſhe conuey
Letters to Richmond you ſhall anſwere it.
Buc. What ſaies your highneſſe to my iuſt demaund?
King. As I remember, Henrie the ſixt
Did prophecie that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curteſie ſhewed me the Caſtle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland tolde me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promiſd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepeſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
Buck. Is it euen ſo, rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthleſſe peece of butcherie,
Although they were fleſhit villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling on another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſummer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But ô the diuel; their the villaine ſtopt,
Whileſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered